

Good 634 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

A.B. Charlie Clarke— A.B. Bob Prescott— D'you Remember the Prince Alfred?

CAN you call to mind the frequenters of the "Prince Alfred," Marlborough Road, Holloway, A.B.s Bob Prescott and Charlie Clarke? There are a lot of people there who remember you two, especially your fellow members of the Ancient Order of Chain-Pullers.

Yes, the old organisation is still going strong, and you will be pleased to hear that the total collected for the Prisoners of War Fund has now reached £420. Quite an advance on the figure since you were home last, isn't it, Bob?

The auctions are still going on at regular intervals, and Mr. Johnson is now telling the tale of the fellow who bought a live goat at one of the recent sales.

He took the animal back and put it up for auction again, which not only restored his wedded bliss, but also put more in the kitty for the Red Cross.

There will still be plenty of pints for you to pull up when you do get round there again, Bob, and both of you will have to look out if Frank gets you at the billiard table—he's hot stuff now!

Now for some home news for you both—for "Good Morning" representatives called on your families as well as at the "Prince Alfred"—indeed, they called there first.

Your mother, A.B. Prescott, told us when we called at 11 Bedford Terrace, Holloway, N.7, that Harry is keeping very well in the Army, and both Lennie and Steve have settled down to civvie jobs again. Dot wishes to be remembered to you.

When we asked Widdles what he wished to say to you, he made some rather queer noises, which would probably mean "good luck" if only we could understand cat language.

From all the family come best wishes, Bob.



Your parents' shop at 131 Marlborough Road, Holloway, N.19, is still going strong, A.B. Charlie Clarke.

As you will see from the photograph, your mother and father are in the best of health, and there doesn't appear to be much wrong with either Duke or Bessie.

It is a pity that Frances wasn't at home when we called, but we were asked to pass on her greetings and best wishes, and also those of Percy, who is still soldiering in the Gordon Highlanders.

Dennis has recently been home on survivors' leave, and was apparently in fine fettle.

Your friends at the Northern Heights Aero Modelling Club have also been asking after you, and you will no doubt be pleased to hear that they have been doing very well lately.

Everyone is hoping that it won't be long before you are back with the club, and meanwhile all in Marlborough Road send best wishes for the future.

STUART MARTIN writes about a New York Bootlegger



Said Legs: "Got anything on Me? I Surrender"

And at last, after a few days, he died.

Now, I was in close touch with the cops in those days. I know what was worrying them. They had not been called to that room where Diamond lay in his own blood in the hotel until all fingerprints had been erased from the furniture and walls! They had no clue.

They never found his slayers. If Jack Diamond had any sins to confess, if he had any information to give, he made his confession to the priest who sat beside him at the end. But not to the cops. Not Jack Diamond!

I know, too, that he died poor. He didn't even leave enough money to bury himself. His wife, Alice, received contributions.

Kiki Roberts may be forgotten. The last I heard of her was that she was hauling in music-hall engagements on the strength of her life with Jack.

ONE day I may be tempted to write the inner story, as we newspapermen knew it, of the bright lights of the American Racketeers and one big part of that should be devoted to Jack (Legs) Diamond.

It is a pretty tangled skein I present here, but the tangle isn't my fault. The first time I saw him was when he slouched into the police-station in New York, drew a pair of guns from his waist and slid them on to the Captain's desk.

"I'm here," he drawled. "Got anything on me? I'm surrendering."

This was shortly after Simon Walker and William (Red) Cassidy were shot to bits with eighteen bullets in the Hotsy and other things; mostly the Totsy Night Club on the night of July 13, 1929.

Already Charles Green, big pal of Diamond's, had surrendered for questioning about that killing. But Green had been freed; and there was the notorious Jack Diamond, smiling softly at us; gunless.

They sent for District Attorney Moore, who had charge of the case; and the upshot was that Jack Diamond walked out free, shoving his guns back into place as he went, slowly, panther-like, from the office.

Get this right. Diamond would

never have surrendered had not five years. President Harding Green been freed. Green was thought he deserved some mercy and pardoned him.

Get this right also. District Attorney Moore stood up in court next day and said: "About the case of Simon Walker and William Cassidy, and the deaths of them, I can't go on. Five vital witnesses have been killed." Now do you see?

At that time Diamond had become as powerful a bootlegger in New York as Capone was in Chicago. He had been arrested twenty-five times on various charges that I know of, and only twice had been convicted—and fined.

He confessed to me that he wanted to get out of bootlegging. I published that story, and he meant it, I know. But he was deep in the marsh and couldn't pull his feet out.

His real name wasn't Diamond at all. It was John S. Nonam, born in Philadelphia in 1898.

He was called by various names—America's Scarlet Pimpernel, King of the Underworld, eighteen bullets in the Hotsy and other things; mostly the Totsy Night Club on the night of July 13, 1929.

It can be said with truth that he shot his way through life; and he shot as he was dying, too. He was constantly on the spot by opposing gangs. Police Commissioner Mulrooney, of the New York police, told me that Diamond was a "dirty yellow rat." Maybe, but I am not so sure.

I do know that Jack was just terrible with guns. He drew them more than once in my presence—just to show us—and it was like the flash of a hand and then the end. He could shoot from the hip,

He had married by this time, but back in New York the game went to his head and he left his wife and devoted his attention on Kiki Roberts, a dancer. She was certainly attractive.

I'd like to tell some of his doings, but I haven't the space. The dramatic end can be told swiftly. One day in December, 1931, he stood on trial in New York charged with an offence. It was his twenty-fifth arrest.

Before he went to court he drawled to newspapermen, "See you later. It's a clinch I'll be back home to-night." He was acquitted.

Back to his apartments he went to have a carnival. He was staying at the Monticello Hotel, which was really a boarding-house, in Albany. It was a gay party with Kiki Roberts there and others.

Jacob Ginsberg, the manager of the hotel, told me afterwards the inner story. He was, he said, packing his bag to go off to Long Beach for a holiday, when he heard shots upstairs.

Opening his door he saw Diamond, bent double, stumbling down the corridor. Ginsberg watched. Jack stumbled on, got the door of his own room open, dragged himself inside. Ginsberg went in to see what was the matter.

Diamond had thrown himself on his bed, was twisting in pain, a bullet hole in his forehead and others elsewhere. He whispered to get a doctor. When Ginsberg said he couldn't at that late hour, Diamond said he'd have to get to hospital.

Now, Ginsberg was in a hurry to catch his train for his holiday, so he left instructions with the hotel staff. Legs was ultimately taken to the Polyclinic Hospital. Doctors said he was dying.

The police issued two bulletins daily while he lasted, but he didn't last long. They questioned him about who shot him. He gave evasive replies, he dodged them, he would give who shot Jack to death. Now, that was fatal information.



from the waist, from over his shoulder.

He tasted bullets, too. It was commonly said that he carried enough lead in his body to drown him. But nobody tried to drown him. He was said to have a charmed life. One day the charm didn't work.

He was just hit in October, 1927, when his sidekick, Augie Orgen, was killed. In April, 1929, he got a spray of bullets from opposing gangsters near Cairo, New York State. And then the last time counted him out.

But before I tell you of his death I should give the bits I know of his career. He jumped into the notice of the police in 1914, when he was grabbed for burglary. He got a prison sentence, and that was the only time the State authorities ever got a conviction of the sort against him.

He enlisted during the war, deserted, and was sentenced to

USELESS EUSTACE



But Mrs. Alice was different. She buried Jack, sent a mighty wreath on his grave, wrote on it, "I love you after all," and then gave it out that she would get his slayers.

She went down to Coney Island and joined a freak show, exhibiting herself as the wife of "Legs" Diamond.

Ah, but she did more. She kept up a steady practice in shooting. She went to shooting galleries and stayed there for hours. She came back to Brooklyn, and lived in a flat under the name of Mrs. Alice Kenny.

And there, in July, 1933, she was found lying in a pool of blood. The doctors said she had been dead for three days. There were bullet wounds in her head. There were signs of a desperate struggle in the flat.

But the police never found her murderers. Gangsters? I was told she had discovered who shot Jack to death. Now, that was fatal information.



"GOOD MORNING" POOLS

Mark this coupon

A for Awful

H, Hits the Spot

X, a Draw

"Good Morning"

When completed, cut out and send to:

"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

The Game and The Gamble

JERRY felt a little more happy as he heard the thunderous applause with which the sportsmanlike Marlsdon crowd greeted this save, and as he realised, too, that Betty would be sitting in her usual seat in the grand stand with Billy, her schoolboy brother, beside her, and knew that she, too, had been a witness of his effort, and was adding her own voice to the general outburst of applause.

The Rangers' players, too, realised the meaning of this new note in the shouting of the crowd, and when the ball came over from the corner, Jerry had to cope with a header from the centre-forward which was perilously near the mark, and felt distinctly relieved when burly, reliable Phil Downes sneaked the ball from the very toes of Marlsdon's dangerous inside-right and booted it sturdily up the field.

Their right-half initiated a beautiful long-passing movement which ended in Robbie Miller, the Town's young right-back, being forced to give away yet another corner. As the ball soared back across the goalmouth, Jerry was aware of a brown flash of leather, and even as he flung himself despairingly in its direction, the ball struck the back of the net with a force which threatened to break the meshes.

It seemed as though the whole town of Marlsdon must have heard the roar of "Goal!" which arose from the closely packed thousands on the stands and terracing, and which completely drowned the triumphant yell of the entire Rangers' team as they rushed to wring the hand and slap the back of their colleague.

Sadly, Jerry picked the ball out of the net and booted it back to the centre. He was a good sportsman, and had never

been known to take a reverse in anything but the best of had begun. "Look here, you chaps," he said, "all through that almost fatherly affection for the limitations of his own two snags, and only two—bad emerged to watch the white-forwards and the strength of the opposition, and how much keeper! Now, bad luck may happen once in a way, but bad luck never beat a fellow who has been telling you for weeks past

that you're on that field to get goals, and plenty of 'em! Away you go, you gang of sinners!" he concluded, as he heard the "sheep" of the referee's whistle summoning the players to the field once more, "and if

he had succeeded in infecting don't ever dare to come back

With a grim smile on his

QUIZ For today

Answers to Quiz in No. 633

1. Arago was a clown, Greek philosopher, singer, French physicist, astrologer?
2. If somebody gave you a bunch of "sates," what would you have?
3. What is the difference between (a) arson, (b) arson?
4. Of what is the material known as "wincey" made?
5. Who accused what painter of "flinging a pot of paint in the public's face"?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? — Astronomy, Geology, Biology, Astrology, Ethnology, Anthropology.
7. Staghound.
8. Honeysuckle.
9. Traditional rich plum cake containing a pound of each of its ingredients.
10. (a) Rainbow. (b) Lovable.
11. Humorous opera. (b) Lovable or tragic opera in which speeches are spoken as well as sung.
12. 27 is not a prime number others are.

PART 2-

By A/B S. G. Parker

he once more picked the ball out of the net, and booted it disgustedly up-field.

After this second reverse, Jerry strove might and main to save the game, desperately heavy as the odds seemed to be. Time and again he was called upon to save his charge when the task seemed hopeless; shots, high and low, seemed to be rattled at him from every angle; yet he struggled on, taking advantage of every goal-kick and every ball which he caught in his busy, capable hands, to send up a kick which was a perfect pass to whichever of his own forwards seemed likely to put it to the best use.

Jerry's efforts seemed all in vain, however, and he groaned aloud when Moxley, the Town right-half, bundled an opponent off the ball in a manner which the referee very rightly adjudged to be unfair, and for the second time that afternoon a penalty kick was awarded against Rivesfield Town.

Once more the centre-forward took the kick—a high, soaring shot this time, and swerving away towards the top standstill and pointed to the right-hand corner. Desperately, Jerry leaped high, arms, hands and finger-tips outstretched, every ounce of his energy concentrated in one magnificent effort.

He felt the fingers of his right hand strike the ball, which seemed to bound upward, describing a parabola in the air, soaring high over the angle of the goal and dropping into the crowd beyond, while round after round of applause from the spectators greeted this spectacular save.

The corner was cleared, and at last the tension seemed to be relieved, as the Town's forwards strove to make an impression upon the Ranger's de-

(Continued on Page 3)

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

PAIGNTON (Devon) Urban Council have decided to buy for £45,000 the Oldway Estate of houses and 19 acres in the town's centre of Paignton, the property of the Singer family.

It was a condition of the will that Paignton should be given the first opportunity to buy when the estate came on the market.

The mansion was built by the late Mr. Isaac Merrit Singer, inventor of the sewing machine, and in the last war was loaned by the late Mr. Paris Singer, his philanthropist son, to the American Red Cross as a hospital.

In the grounds are two international bowling greens and sixteen tennis courts, home of the Torbay country club.

FILM FLASH.

COLUMBIA has signed a new crooner, Gaylord Plimpton, who sings like Frank Sinatra. In fact, he impersonates "The Voice," and will do his stuff in the new musical, "Let's Go Steady." The only vocal training he has is simply listening to Sinatra's records and imitating them. His earnings are negligible; in fact, he's the only crooner working for peanuts.

He likes them. He's a parrot.

MAJOR SIR JOCELYN LUCAS, M.P. for Portsmouth South, asked the Minister of Labour if, as part of his demobilisation plans, arrangements would be made with the big Banks that local managers should give advice to ex-Servicemen desirous of setting up in business on their own account.

Mr. Ernest Bevin replied that he was grateful for the suggestion. He attached great importance to the provision of facilities to enable ex-Servicemen to get the best available advice, and he would consider the proposal.

Wangling Words No. 573

1. Behead repeatedly and make a profit.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Nur ratwes edep listl.**

3. What European capital has A for the exact middle of its name?

4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: **I can't think how I came to — the — of my shoe.**

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 572

1. A-way.
2. Make hay while the sun shines.
3. CopeNHagen.
4. Lean, lane.

JANE



D.92

RUGGLES



D.92.

GARTH

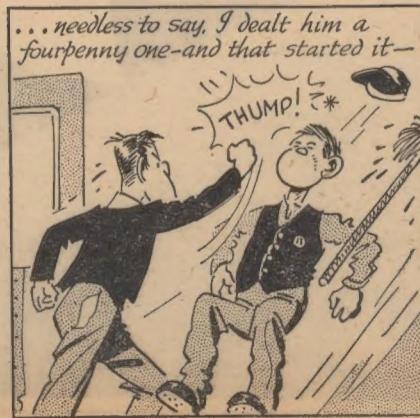


DAWN, GOING TO FETCH THE MULLED SACK, DISCOVERS HER PURITANICAL UNCLE 'DOCTORING' IT!...



D.92.

JUST JAKE



...needless to say, I dealt him a fourpenny one—and that started it—



—we finished up amongst a gaggle of milk churns and roused all the cats in the neighbourhood...

to help them to carry on, and tell me that I'm a traitor in the after that the deal went camp, and that you're going to through. Jerry will be coming try to lynch me, but just you to-night to tell you all about wait a moment! I know that it," he concluded, in breathless Jerry's a blinking marvel, and so is Phil Downes, but Jerry and Phil and nine 'loonies' could never be expected to beat a rattling good team like Marlston! But there—the odds were three to one, and so you had to have your little flutter!

"You girls are all alike—you will persist in imagining that you know everything! I tell you, young lady—it's a lucky thing for you that you have a brother to look after you—and one who really does know something about football!"

Then, stepping forward towards the speechless Betty, he suddenly and dramatically produced a huge wad of notes.

"There you are, my dear," he said triumphantly. "Sixty pounds for you, I PUT YOUR MONEY ON MARLSDON RANGERS."

THE END

A Drink on the Bank

YOU can walk into the head office of the National Provincial Bank in Princes Street, in the City, demand a glass of beer or a whisky, and get it. There is a catch in it, of course; you must be on the staff.

But even so, it is an unusual privilege, and the reason thereof is that the bank was built on the site of a famous old pub, the old European. The bank's canteen has a liquor licence.

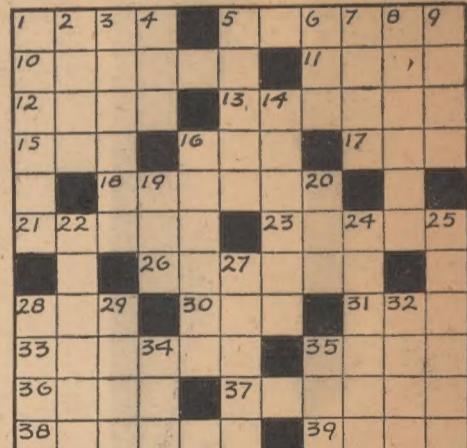
Customers of the bank walk in and out, unaware of the perennial survival of a right, anciently bestowed. But old London abounds with memories like these, forgotten by everyone except those who live on the spot.

Few of the millions who in the course of a year or so pass through the entrance to Aldgate East Station realise that they are treading what used to be the entrance to one of London's most historic inns. The "Old Red Lion" is still on the original site, but the station alterations necessitated some interior rearrangements.

Cramful of memories of the old days is the "Old Red Lion." One, in view of its recent sequel, is especially vivid—to the inn folk. A clatter of hoofs, and Dick Turpin stormed in with a horse that he had stolen. With him was his accomplice, Tom King—and after them the Bow Street Runners. A fight, a shot; King fell severely wounded, and Turpin made off, leaving his friend to the untender mercies of the hunters.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

FRESH	YODEL
EXPOSE	ENA
LITRE	ALBUM
OGE	BREAM
UNREAL	CREW
NM	GUST
GAITER	ELAN
ERNE	SPRAT
ROANS	UNDID
STOKES	LOW
TEENY	SCENT



CLUES ACROSS.—1. Roguish. 5. Trade marks. 10. Refined. 11. Tumult. 12. Met. 13. Gripe about. 15. Before. 16. Soak. 17. Pig. 18. Cipher. 21. Reckoning. 23. Pitchers. 26. Clothes-maker. 28. Drink. 30. Fish. 31. Spring blossom. 33. Settle. 35. Bolus. 36. Sort of drama. 37. Roadway. 38. Sticks. 39. Precious stones.

CLUES DOWN.—1. Add. 2. Below. 3. Customer. 4. Concealed. 5. Perplex. 6. Limb. 7. Cocoa-beans. 8. Distress. 9. Hot dish. 14. Supported. 16. Shrub. 19. Not burning. 20. Number. 22. Girl's name. 24. Fur. 25. Described as. 27. Jots. 28. Plug. 29. Objects. 32. Mineral. 34. Fetch. 35. Cask stopper.

Good Morning

Why if it isn't Fatima, my favourite wife! As our foot-loose cameraman says: "Fatima's always bursting to get in somewhere or just bursting—somewhere."



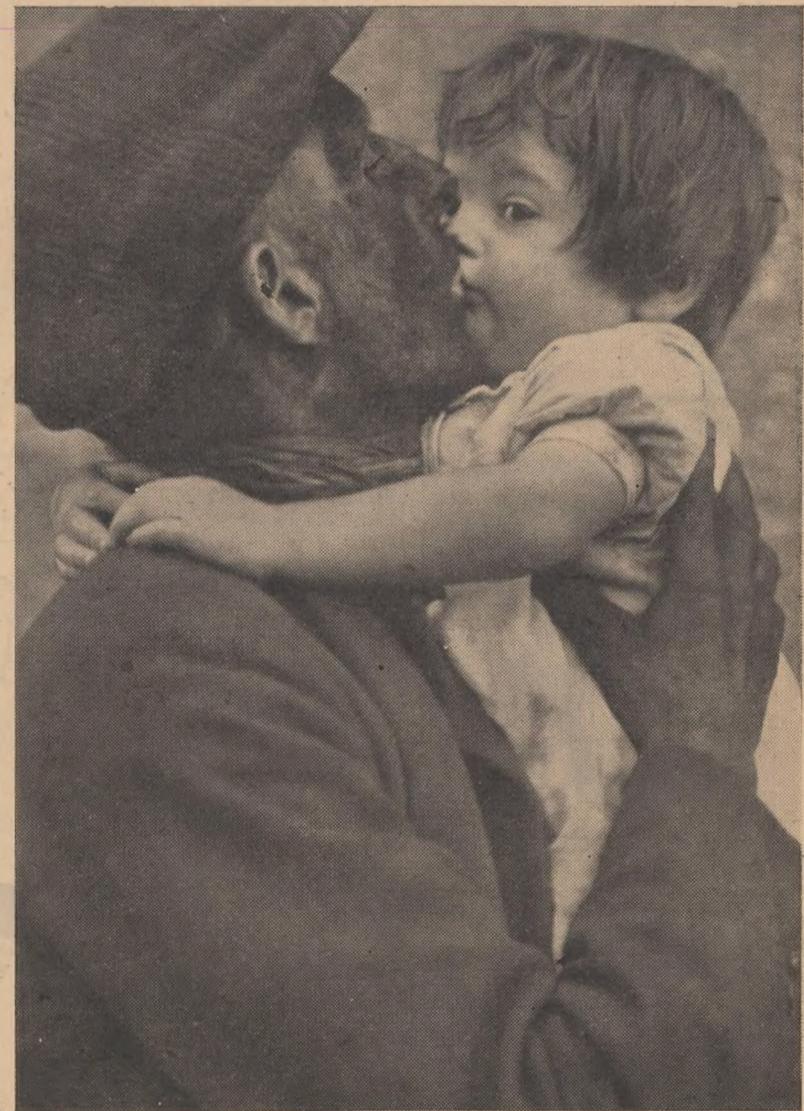
"Lovely lady we have two questions to ask you—are they camellias and who's your dressmaker? Martha MacVicar, R.K.O. Radio's loveliest newcomer, like the echo, mocks and mocks. She says: 'The petals will fall with the passing season, but my dress is like the Walls of Jericho.'"



When shown this photograph we said at once: "Duck's disease." But was our face red when we learned that she worked in a distorting mirror factory!



HANDS ACROSS THE STREET. Here's a lovely sight! Here's two pubs linking hands for the delight of the customers. This wondrous thing has happened at Ashbourne in Derbyshire. When Doctor Johnson visited those parts, the Green Man was still on the left-hand side of the street going in, and the Black Head on the right-hand side going out!



"Don't go down the mine, Daddy, let it come up to you." Here is the miner's dream of home—and it looks pretty good to us. Black's black and white's white doesn't seem to apply here!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"One good trumpet blast and they'll fall."

